THE

LADY'S

MONTHLY MUSEUM.

FEB. 1811.

THE DUCHESS OF RICHMOND.

HER Grace is the eldest daughter of Alexander, Duke of Gordon, and was married Sept. 9, 1783, to Lieutenant-general Charles Lennox, nephew of Charles, Duke of Richmond, &c. to whose title he succeeded in 1806, and was in the following year Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

Since the appointment of his grace to his present exalted situation, his conduct has been such as to show a noble example to his successors. Nor has her grace, in her sphere, been less worthy of praise; her affability and hospitality will not be forgotten by the Irish nation.

The union of these noble families has been productive of one of the greatest blessings of mankind—a numerous offspring; namely, 1. Mary, born Aug. 15, 1790; 2. Charles, earl of March and Darnley, born Aug. 3, 1791; 3. Sarah, born Aug. 22, 1792; 4. John-George, born Oct. 3, 1793; 5. Georgiana, born Sept. 30, 1795; 6. Henry Adam, born Sept. 6, 1797; 7. Jane, born Sept. 5, 1798; 8. William-Pitt, born Sept. 20, 1799; 9. Frederick, born Jan. 24, 1801; 10. Sussex, born July 11, 1802; 11. Arthur, born Oct. 1806; 12. Louisa-Madelina, born Oct. 2, 1803; 13. Charlotte, born Dec. 4. 1804; and, 14. Arthur, born Oct. 2, 1806.

THE GLEANER.

RUSTIC ORATORY.

WHEN Christina resigned the crown of Sweden to the Prince Palatine, Whitelock, who was the ambassador of the Commonwealth of England to that court, kept a journal of the most remarkable occurrences. He was present at the Diet when she made a formal resignation, and took notes of the speeches made upon that occasion.

Her majesty having thanked her loving subjects for their affectionate behaviour to her, and expressing a hope, that her government had been conducive to the prosperity of the country, informed them of her intended resolution, and, at the same time, desired their concurrence, assuring them, that none could dissuade her from her purpose.

The Archbishop of Upsal, the marshals of the nobility and of the burgesses, in eloquent speeches, endeavoured in vain to turn her from her resolution.

The marshal of the boors next made a speech in the name of the rest. He was "a plain lusty man, in his boor's habit, with clouted shoone, and a staff in his hand. He was followed by about eighty boors, members of this council, who had chosen him for their marshal, or speaker."

He thus addressed her majesty—

"O Lord God! Madame, what doe you meane to doe? It troubles us to heare you speake of forsaking those that love you so well as we doe: Can you be better than you are? You are queen of all these countreyes, and if you leave this large kingdom, where will you get such another? If you should doe it (as I hope you won't for all this), both you and we shall have cause, when it is too late, to be sorry for it. Therefore, my fellows and I pray you to think

better on't, and to keep your crown on your head; then you will keep your own honour and our peace; but if you lay it downe, in my conscience, you will endanger all.

"Continue in your geeres, good madame, and be the fore-horse as long as you live, and we will help you the best we can to bear your burden.

"Your father was an honest gentleman, and a good king, and very stirring in the world; we obeyed him and loved him as long as he lived, and you are his own childe, and have governed us very well, and we love you with all our hearts; and the prince is an honest gentleman, and, when his time comes, we shall be ready to doe our duties to him as we doe to you: and, therefore, I pray madame doe not part with us."

'When the boore had ended his speech, he waddled up to the queen without any ceremony, tooke her by the hand, and shaked it heartily, and kist it two or three times; then turning his backe to her, he pulled out of his pocket a fowle handkerchief, and wiped the teares from his eyes, and in the same posture as he came up, he returned to his own place again.'

Whitelock's Journal of the Swedish Embassy in 1653.

MADEMOISELLE CLAIRON.

The fathers of the church in France having excommunicated all dramatic writers, actors, singers, dancers, &c. Mademoiselle Clairon, who was at that time one of the most celebrated actresses, became disgusted at it, and raised a strong party of people of the best understanding, in hopes to have so great a scandal removed.

Much was both writ and said for the comedians, but all to no purpose. The priests stood firm to their text, and would by no means consent to give up their ancient and pious privilege of sending to the devil whoever they chose.

Upon this the lady quitted the stage, and peremptorily refused to act any more, declaring it was very unreasonable of them to desire her to continue her profession of an actress, if she was to be damned for it.

This unexpected resolution of the lady's, threw the managers into the utmost confusion. What could they do? the houses grew thin, and she remained obstinate; at last complaints were made of her behaviour at court, and orders were given to send her to the Bastille, she being an hired servant of the king's, and refusing to do her duty when commanded. She was sent there; but after some time, when the players were ordered to perform before the king, her attendance was commanded. She, finding that she could not gain the point, went. While this was going on, a treatise was published in favour of the comedians; it no sooner made its appearance, than it was burned by the hangman in the Place de Greve.

Here is popery and slavery with a witness. The king sends her to prison for not doing her duty, and the church damns her if she does it.

Voltaire.

SOLUTION OF THE MYSTERY, "WHO WAS THE MAN WHO BEHEADED CHARLES THE FIRST?"

GEORGE II. on his return to London, after the battle of Dettingen, could with difficulty bear the sight of Lord Stair. He could not forgive his lordship's reproaching him for the danger which threatened the English army, in case the king had obstinately persisted in leaving it in the camp which it occupied, and where it would have been completely defeated, if the duke de Grammont by his rashness had not saved it. Lord Stair, as proud as he was skilful in war, having soon perceived the king's dislike, and being little disposed to bear the shame of a formal disgrace, was on the point of returning to his estate in Scotland, when he received the following letter:—

"My Lord,

"Your bravery is well known: but will you have the courage to go, to-morrow night, to the entrance of Somerset-house, where you will meet one who, (if you dare follow him) will conduct you to a part of the town not much frequented, but where you will find one who is impatient to see you, and to discover secrets which are of more importance than you imagine, and which cannot be disclosed in a letter? If you are afraid this should be a plot on your purse, bring nothing valuable about you."

We may conceive his lordship's surprise at reading of this note. At first he took it for a trick of some secret enemy; or some affair of gallantry, the heroine of which had probably her reasons for so acting; however, he determined to go. He therefore, after providing himself with a sword, and a brace of good pistols, went to Somerset-house, and found there a man, who, without speaking, made him a sign to follow him; after walking for about an hour, they came into a street almost empty, where the conductor knocked at the door of a small old house: when it was opened, he said, "Walk in, my lord." The door, when they entered, was shut after them.

The intrepid nobleman, holding a sword in one hand and a pistol in the other, went up the staircase and entered a room; the furniture of which seemed very ancient.—"Come in, my lord," said a faint voice, issuing from a bed, "come in, you have nothing to fear: pray sit down in a chair near my bed, and we will converse together."—"Very well," said lord S.; "but make haste, and tell me the reason of this odd adventure."—"You are hasty, my lord, but have patience; lay down your arms; take that seat, and come and look at me."

His lordship, surprised at such authoritative commands, to which he was little accustomed, got up, took the lamp, went to the bed, and remained stupified at the sight of an old man, pale and thin, with a long white beard, whose

eyes were steadfastly fixed upon him. "Look at me, my lord," said he, "I am still alive, I owe to you the only true pleasure I have tasted these many, many years. Have age and misfortunes entirely effaced the marks of one who is nearly related to you, and who is delighted to find in you features which are most dear to him?" His lordship, still more astonished, looked at the old man, and unable to account for the different emotions which agitated him, spoke not a word. "Stoop," said the old man, "and you will find under my bed a box which contains papers capable of amply repairing the losses which your family has suffered by the civil wars." His lordship having placed the box upon the bed, sat down again upon the chair.

"Here, my lord," said the old man, "here are copies of the sales of three of the principal seats belonging to your ancestors, which your great grandfather sold, or rather pretended to sell, during the troubles. Here are also the letters of the pretended buyers, by which you may immediately recover the estates on your arrival in Scotland; precautions have been taken to prevent any disputes." What was his lordship's astonishment, when he saw three contracts of estates, which he knew formerly belonged to his house! "Ah!" cried he with transport, "Ah! who are you, respectable and benevolent old man! Speak, I beg of you! favour me with the name of so generous a benefactor, in whom I am so singularly interested, and whose days Heaven seems to have prolonged, that he may find in me the most tender and respectable of friends, and the most grateful of men!"—"Leave me, my dear lord," said the old man in haste; "I am too weak to bear a longer conversation; leave me, I beg; take that box, and bid adieu to an old man, who thinks himself less unfortunate since he has had the happiness of holding you in his arms."—"Ah! whoever you are," said Lord S. "and whatever reasons you may have to conceal the name of so generous a man,

can you have the cruelty to oblige him to obey you? To abandon you in such a situation, without friends, without help, without———"—"Stop, my dear lord! it is with pleasure I see in you such generous sentiments; but know that your friend (since you think him worthy of that title), however unfortunate he may be in other respects, is free from want: therefore, if you wish to oblige me, leave me, my lord, instantly; nay, do more, and believe me, I have a right to demand it: swear to me that you will never come here again, nor ever search after me, unless I send for you." His lordship seeing by his tone of voice that he would not be refused, promised to obey him; once more embraced him, and then left him with tears in his eyes.

On his return home he immediately opened the box, and found a great number of papers which he judged would be of great use to him. Next morning, as he was preparing (notwithstanding his promise) to return to the old man, he was suddenly stopped by the following letter, sealed with his own arms, and to his extreme surprise, signed George Stair:—

"Do not return to me, my dear lord, for you will not find me. If it had been only to tell you who I am, that is, your great grand-father, who has so long been supposed dead, and who justly deserved to be so, I should not have opposed your just desire of knowing your benefactor; but the consequences which I foresaw of so interesting a scene, too much so for my weak age to bear, made me dread to satisfy your curiosity, upon circumstances, which, far from offering to you so dear and respectable a relation as you might imagine, would only have shewn to you a wretch—a monster less worthy of pity than horror!

"My father died a few months after my birth; my mother soon followed him; I was left to the care of an aunt, sister to my father, who brought me up so tenderly, that, (though she was the cause of my crime) I still retain the most grateful remembrance of her in my heart. I was

scarcely seventeen, when, struck with indignation at seeing my countrymen armed against their lawful sovereign, I formed the design of tendering to King Charles the offer of my fortune and sword: but what was my astonishment, when, at disclosing my intention to my good aunt, I saw her trembling lift up her hands to heaven, and look at me with a kind of horror! Surprised and afflicted at the state she was in, and turning with impatience to know the reason, 'You force me then to tell you,' cried she, bursting into tears; 'know then, the prince you are so desirous of serving, is the author of my shame and of your father's death. I was about fifteen, and among the attendants who waited on his mother, when the wretch, imposing on my age and credulity, by the most sacred oaths, contrived to seduce me—in short, I was ruined.'

"The perfidious prince soon after went to Spain, in hopes of marrying the Infanta. I should have been entirely lost, if your father had not come to London; to him I was obliged to own my misfortune, and the consequences which I dreaded. That dear brother, afflicted even to tears, ran immediately to the queen, obtained permission to take me away, and sent me to one of his seats near Edinburgh, where I remained till I was perfectly recovered. Alas!' added she, 'I was doomed to see him no more. The grief which he conceived for my undoing, soon killed him; and his worthy wife, after bringing you into the world, survived only a month. Such, my dear nephew, were the secret and deplorable motives which induced me to that obscurity in which I have since lived, and of which you are alone acquainted. Judge now, my friend, if after the care I have taken of your infancy, and the education I have procured you, say, can you devote your fortune and arms to the author of so many calamities, to a barbarian who has carried death into the breasts of your parents, and into mine eternal remorse?'—'No!' cried I, 'by God! no! the wretch is unworthy of life, and he shall die by my hand!' To tell you, my lord, by what means, as re-

fined as dangerous, my fury against the king continually increasing, was at last able to fulfil my revenge and execrable oath; to tell you all the events, and excess of remorse which soon followed my crime, would be now too grievous in my weak state to relate. Be satisfied with knowing, that you may abhor me as much as I detest myself; that the executioner of King Charles I. who appeared under a mask, was in fact no other than your unworthy, too guilty, great grandfather, Sir George Stair."

From 1649 (when Charles I. was beheaded) and 1743 (when the battle of Dettingen was fought) there is an interval of 94 years. On supposition that Sir George Stair was 20 years old when he committed this crime, his age in 1743 must have been 114 years.

The anonymous author of these memoirs, adds, that whatever were the emotions of Lord Stair at reading the letter, his first care was to look for the street and the house where he had seen his great grandfather; but finding the house empty, he had learnt from the neighbours, that it had only been occupied since eight days; that it was never known by whom; that since the preceding night the servants had abandoned it, furnished as it was; that they could not tell of whom the tenant held the house, the proprietor being long since settled in America.

Pieces Intéressantes et peu Connues.

THE BUSY BODY.

HAVING for some time neglected the concerns of my very obliging correspondents, I must now proceed to make amends, by devoting several papers to their entire service.

The first subject which calls for my attention is the letter of a young bachelor, which shall speak for itself.

TO THE BUSY BODY.

DEAR MADAM,

I TAKE the liberty of applying to you in a case of the utmost importance to my happiness and future advantage in life, and solicit from your experience and good-nature such advice as may serve to preserve me from making an imprudent choice in that most important point to man or woman —a matrimonial engagement. I am now just one and twenty years of age, independent, and possessed of a moderate, but not vast fortune. My affections are as yet disengaged, although I have seen several young ladies who attracted my attention; but, as I was for many years under the care of a good old grandmother, who constantly told me I was never to trust my eyes when I wished to judge of a woman, I have retained so much veneration for her as to observe her maxim ever since. Unfortunately, however, I some years ago had the misfortune to lose this venerable monitor, and I should have remained without a friend, on whose judgment I could depend, had not you, under the influence of my good stars, started up to supply her place Imagination now presents you to me in her very form and semblance, seated in a high-backed arm chair, her little grey eyes peeping through her spectacles, and the great family Bible on the table before her;—but I forgot myself; it is neither fashionable now to wear spectacles nor read Bibles;—no matter—I do not mean to offend.

I must now proceed to state my own case, and inform you that my inclination is divided between three young ladies, with whom I have lately formed an acquaintance, but from whom my natural timidity has effectually served to conceal my favourable sentiments.

Matilda Hervey is the daughter of an opulent citizen; she is handsome, easy, and unaffected in her manners, and con-

ducts her father's house with economy and propriety. She has, at the same time, a bold and domineering manner, which rather intimidates me, for, although not of an authoritative temper myself, I should not much like to be under the subjection of a wife, and should still less like to hear her swear at my servants, burst into a horse laugh at table, or see her slap any gentleman of my acquaintance upon the shoulder, as a stage coachman would the ostler at an inn; and, excepting this unbecoming coarseness of behaviour, I have no fault to find with this lady.

Selina Medway is the very reverse of all this; she is rather pretty, of a delicate figure, and extremely timid in company. She has been brought up under the care of an indulgent mother, who takes every opportunity of enumerating her good qualities; but her education has been completely childish, and she seems scarcely out of her leading strings, although she is now nineteen. Some of my friends tell me she would make an admirable wife, because she has no will of her own. She is, however, of such a delicate constitution, that I never see her without being entertained with a long catalogue of complaints, and it is, in fact, the only subject upon which she ventures to converse. If she has the slightest cold, it is sufficient to lay the foundation of the most alarming apprehensions, and medical bills alone would, I fear, be sufficient to ruin me.

Eliza Morland is the last I shall mention; her person is agreeable, and she is highly accomplished. She has an inexhaustible fund of entertaining conversation. But, with all these advantages, I cannot bring myself to make her a serious offer; I feel intimidated by her superior talents, especially as I perceive that she is unmercifully satirical upon all those who are not equally endowed with herself. She seems to consider herself entitled to universal attention, and appears to receive every silly compliment with eager avidity.

Now, madam, I am so much perplexed by the discovery of such failings in the three women I most admire, that I

feel disheartened at the thoughts of choosing either for a wife; but, as I am weary of leading a bachelor's life, I request your opinion as to which might be considered the most eligible, or whether it will be prudent in me to venture upon either.

I remain,
Your most obedient, humble servant,
SAMUEL SINGLE.

I am happy in the power of informing Mr. Single that I am acquainted with the ladies he describes, and, as a sincere friend, can safely advise him not to marry either. Matilda is both a termagant and a hoyden; Selina is a compound of deceit and affectation; and Miss Morland is vain, coquettish, and extravagant. I must, however, request of my correspondent not to be too fastidious—perfection is not to be expected, still less likely to be found. As far as I can direct his choice, I will endeavour to do it, by pointing out those qualities which are most likely to ensure his permanent happiness; and, when he can meet with these, combined in a tolerably agreeable person, he will have good reason to be satisfied.

In the first place, the young lady should be, in company, more eager to listen than speak.

In private, eager to speak well of others, silent as to herself.

Abroad, modestly dressed; at home, plain, clean, and neat.

Complaisant, without meanness, to her superiors.

Gentle and considerate to her inferiors.

Generous, without prodigality; frugal, without stinginess.

Accomplished, according to her situation in life.

Industrious, according to her necessities.

Unassuming in her deportment, and modest in her conversation.

If my young correspondent can meet with these essentials in any lady of his acquaintance, I would advise him not to let want of fortune, beauty, or wit, or even a few peculiarities of temper stand in his way.

JEALOUSY.

A TALE, FROM THE FRENCH.

A YOUNG Spanish Nobleman, during his stay at Malaga, was returning one evening from a party of pleasure, when he was unexpectedly attacked by four robbers. Don Felix was brave and resolute; and although a little disconcerted by the suddenness of the attack, made a vigorous defence. Two of the ruffians fell beneath his sword, and the others, exasperated by the death of their comrades, were preparing for a desperate revenge, when a door opened, and two men, well armed, rushed forward to the assistance of the intrepid cavalier. This unlooked-for reinforcement so terrified the villains, that they instantly betook themselves to flight, and were so well acquainted with the various and intricate turnings, as to escape from their pursuers. Don Felix paid the warmest acknowledgments to his generous deliverers, who in turn assured him, that his thanks were principally due to the lady whom they served, and who had from her balcony witnessed the unequal combat, and sent them to his assistance. "My lady," said one of the servants, who appeared a respectable elderly man, "was so much alarmed upon your account, signior, that it will give her the greatest satisfaction to see you safe, and hear your thanks from your own lips."

"If that is the case," replied Don Felix, with his usual gallantry, "I can no longer hesitate: lead on, my friends; your lady shall not find me deficient in point of gratitude." Don Felix could not but feel his vanity highly gratified by the attention of this unknown lady; and picturing to himself an agreeable termination to an alarming adventure, his imagination heightened the charms of the fair incognita, and he amused himself with inventing a thousand gallant speeches for the occasion.

They soon reached the house, and Don Felix was shewn into an apartment, simply, but tastefully furnished, where he had only waited a few minutes when the door was opened, and a lady appeared, at the first view of whom all the ideal rhapsodies of Don Felix vanished. Donna Victoria appeared to be between thirty and forty years of age. Her figure was majestic, and her countenance, though serious, was not forbidding. That she had once been strikingly handsome, admitted not of a doubt. She accosted Don Felix with peculiar grace.

"Signior," said she, with a grave, yet complaisant air, "I hope you will not draw any injurious conclusions from this apparent breach of propriety. Receiving a stranger at this hour of night, is not my usual practice; but when you are acquainted with my motives, I trust you will form a better opinion of me than my present conduct might incline you to."

Don Felix, whose ardent imagination was already cooled, and who could not but feel respect for her noble and modest deportment, answered her with all due politeness.

After being seated, Donna Victoria again addressed him:—"You will perhaps be surprised, Don Felix, at hearing that I am related to your family; and that although I have been in the habit of seeing you in the public walks every day for these three weeks past, I have not found courage to make myself known to you. I was born at Cadiz. Misfortunes, which it would be too tedious now to relate, obliged me to quit that place; I came hither, and have resided here eighteen years under an assumed name. The first time I saw you, I was struck with your resemblance to my family, and ordered my fathful servant Valerio, to follow you, and if possible discover who you were; and I soon learnt, with inexpressible pleasure, that you were from Cadiz, and one of the house of Aredo, to which I have the honour of being nearly allied. I was extremely desirous of becoming acquainted

with you, but could not resolve on making the first advances, and almost despaired of the gratification I wished for, when chance to-night brought about what I should otherwise have been unable to accomplish. I was sitting with my daughter in the balcony when you passed beneath us: the light of the moon enabled me to distinguish your figure perfectly, and the next instant I saw you attacked by the ruffians. I lost no time in dispatching Valerio and his son, who is also in my service, to your assistance, with orders to prevail on you to return hither. Happily they succeeded."

"But your daughter, madam," said Don Felix, somewhat impatiently; "how is it that I am not honoured with her company?"

Donna Victoria smiled. "The lateness of the hour, signior, must be her apology," said she; "but if you will favour us by partaking a family dinner to-morrow, my Seraphina shall unite her endeavours with mine to render your visit agreeable, and I will at the same time recount to you my sad history. It is in your power, Don Felix, to serve us essentially; not that I am ambitious on my own account, but in behalf of an amiable child, who merits a better fate than the obscurity in which her mother's misfortunes have too long confined her."

"The pleasure of your society, madam," replied Don Felix, "would of itself be a sufficient inducement; but when it is enforced by an intimation, that it may be in my power to render you the smallest service, gratitude combines with inclination, and I shall with pride avail myself of your invitation." With these words Don Felix took leave, and returned to his hotel.

Seraphina, who was always the companion of her mother, had not beheld the handsome and accomplished cavalier without emotion, which was increased by the unguarded expression of Donna Victoria: she was equally anxious with her mother to establish an intimacy, and was too tenderly attached to her tender parent to conceal what

passed in her mind. The peculiar situation of her family affairs would have rendered such an union particularly desirable to Donna Victoria; but the fear that his affections might be previously engaged, rendered caution absolutely necessary, and she judged it better to forego her own interest than expose her daughter to such a dangerous situation: it was upon this account that she took no step towards an acqnaintance she was so desirous of forming. On the evening of Don Felix's rencontre with the robbers, Seraphina, on perceiving his danger, lost all command of herself, and fainted in her mother's arms. Donna Victoria, doubly alarmed by this circumstance, resolved, if possible, to ascertain the real state of the cavalier's heart, and for this purpose took the measures already related: how far they succeeded will be seen hereafter.

Don Felix, whose curiosity was strongly excited to see the daughter of a lady whose person and manners were so peculiarly interesting, was punctual to his appointment. Donna Victoria received him with graceful ease, and immediately introduced him to her daughter, in whom he beheld with rapture her very counterpart. Although the youth of Seraphina rendered her carriage less commanding, and her manners less dignified, the blushing graces of modesty made ample amends for the deficiency. The loveliness of her features, the sweetness of her voice, and the fine proportions of her figure, were not overlooked by the ardent Don Felix. She was the most perfect of her sex in his opinion, and his tell-tale eyes revealed his sentiments to the penetrating mother, who, with cause, exulted in the perfections of her beloved child. The day passed too quickly for Seraphina and the enraptured Don Felix. An excellent dinner, a rare desert, coffee, conversation, and music came in rapid succession, and it was almost time for him to depart before Donna Victoria had commenced her history. Don Felix would willingly have dispensed with it altogether; for Seraphina played the guitar with so much grace, and sung so enchantingly, that he

had no ears for any thing else. Politeness, however, obliged him to demand the promised recital, which the lady of the mansion began in the following words:—

"I told you yesterday, Don Felix, that I was born in Cadiz. My name is Victoria de Manzarés; my mother was a descendant of the noble family of Aredo; she married Don Silvester de Manzarés, who was a widower, with one son, twenty years of age. After being married about a year, she gave birth to twins, a son and myself; but unhappily, in giving us birth, her life was forfeited. My father, overwhelmed with affliction, was incapable of paying proper attention to any thing, and delegated his authority to his son, Don Bernardo, who, perceiving in us new claimants on his father's regard, and partakers of his wealth, hated us from the hour of our birth. As we grew up, our resemblance to each other was so perfect, that it was only by the difference of our dress that we could be distinguished, and the affection of my father seemed to strengthen with our years. But we had scarcely reached our sixteenth, when we sustained an irreparable loss in the death of this tender parent. As the charge of our education was now transferred to Don Bernardo, and as he was not inclined to liberality, he contented himself with engaging Valerio as a tutor for my brother, and Matilda, his wife, for my governess. Fortunately for us, these persons, though not in every respect qualified for the undertaking, were of good principles and trust-worthy.

"Although our personal likeness was so remarkable, it is with concern I am obliged to say, that there was a vast difference in the dispositions of my brother and myself. He was mean, hypocritical, and addicted to many vices, which the good Valerio in vain strove to correct; for Don Bernardo, who was of the same character, attached himself to him, and by his pernicious instructions and baleful examples, confirmed him in his early bad habits.

"For my own part, I was entirely neglected by my

brother-in-law; shut up almost entirely in my apartment with Matilda, and only suffered to quit the house to attend at mass. Matilda once ventured to remonstrate with Don Bernardo on the impropriety of keeping me thus secluded, alleging, that it would be impossible for me to form an eligible connection, or get properly established in life, unless he permitted me to mix in company, and see a little of the world. To this he very haughtily replied, that he knew best what was proper for me; that it was not his wish for me to marry, as he designed very shortly to place me in a convent. I heard this determination with great regret, and resolutely persisted in declaring that nothing but force should compel me to renounce my birthright and expectations.

"About this time the Governor was married, and would fain celebrate his nuptials with magnificence. A splendid tournament and a bull-fight was ordered; and I, who had never been present at any public spectacle, was filled with the most eager desire to witness this. I incessantly importuned Valerio and Matilda to indulge me; and they believing it the only opportunity I should ever enjoy, at length consented. As it was easy for me to go out unobserved, Don Bernardo and my brother Sylvio being too much engaged in their own pleasures to miss me for one day, Valerio promised to secure places for us, and my heart beat tumultuously with joy.

"I dressed myself as magnificently as my wardrobe would permit, putting on all my mother's jewels, as I knew I should be more readily recognised by my brothers in my ordinary clothes; and my governess having used the same precaution, we covered our faces with deep veils, through which our features could scarcely be distinguished, then tripped lightly through a back garden, and passing along the least frequented streets, arrived without detection at the place where the diversions were to take place.—Valerio, who had been looking out for us, conducted us to a balcony filled with persons of rank, but who did not ap-

pear to notice us, except one young man of a noble and prepossessing appearance, next to whom I chanced to be seated. A light breeze springing up, suddenly blew my veil aside. I was a little confused at the moment, as I found the stranger's eyes, profiting by the accident, were fixed upon my face. I hastily drew my veil closer, and held it with my hands. The stranger smiled, and stooping down, said in a low voice, "Your precaution is useless, Donna, the blow is struck; I have already seen too much for my peace.' I replied with some vivacity, 'The compliment is too common-place to flatter me, signior; for I know that cavaliers who attend these kind of festivals, would not think they did honour to the occasion, if they did not study gallant speeches wherewith to amuse the ladies.' 'I am not accustomed to study my expressions,' replied the gentleman, a little piqued: 'I usually speak from the impulse of my feelings; and you are the first lady I have addressed to-day; for you are the first and only one who has engaged my attention.'—I laughed in the gaiety of my heart. 'Perhaps, then,' said I, 'you wish to enhance the value of your flattery, by persuading me that you are generally sparing of it.' 'Indeed,' replied he, 'you are too severe upon me. I wished only to persuade you of my sincerity; but I have not the happy facility of expressing myself that you possess, and must ever lament my deficiency." Although he said this in a serious tone, I could not help feeling that I had been too flippant, and therefore changing my manner, I said seriously, but politely, 'You will oblige me, signior, by permitting me to attend to the amusements going forward.' He bowed, and remained silent.

"I own I felt vexed with myself, for I feared I had been unseasonably impertinent, and although modesty forbade my giving him encouragement, I considered that it should also have withheld me from giving him offence.

"The combat was now begun; one bull had fallen, and the cavaliers, unwilling to relinquish the sport so soon,

called for another. A most furious animal was now let loose, against whom the assailants vainly exerted all their strength and skill; he remained master of the field, and I could not but feel regret at the fate of many gallant young men, who were carried wounded from the place of combat. Inadvertently I exclaimed, 'What a pity it is no one can vanquish that fierce animal; surely these cavaliers must be deficient in point of courage.' I had scarcely finished speaking, when the gentleman who sat beside me rose and hastily made his way through the company, and I soon lost sight of him. Astonished at his abrupt retreat, I knew not what to think, when loud shouts below drew my attention; I turned round, and to my infinite surprise beheld him enter the lists.

"I had now an opportunity of examining his person; and I must own, that his graceful figure, his martial air, and his animated, ingenuous countenance, filled me at once with admiration and terror, lest he should fall a victim to the infuriate animal. I turned pale, trembled, and at the first attack uttered a scream, that drew on me general observation. From that moment I was incapable of attending to what passed, until the loud shouts of the spectators convinced me that he was victorious. Again I ventured to look. I saw the wounded bull lying prostrate at the feet of the conqueror, who, amidst all the plaudits which assailed his ears, seemed to direct his attention alone to the balcony where I sat. His eyes said, as plainly as language could have spoken, 'For your approbation have I thus ventured. The reward of my victory is your applause." Amidst the noise of the cymbals and trumpets which announced the triumph of my hero, I sought to escape from observation; but the crowd was so great, that our passage was for a long time impeded. At length we reached the street, and hastened forward with impatient steps, for I was now alarmed lest my brother should arrive at home before me.

We had just got within sight of the garden-gate when

we were overtaken by a gentleman, in whom I too readily recognized the valiant stranger. He accosted me respectfully:—"Forgive me, madam, for having gratified my curiosity so far as to watch your retreat. Think not that I mean to take any undue advantage of the knowledge I have thus clandestinely obtained; I wish only to assure the charming Victoria de Manzarés, that she has not a more sincere admirer than Don Antonio de Silva." He again bowed, and immediately disappeared, before I had power to utter a single word.

"When I got into my apartment, Valerio addressed me with a smiling countenance: 'I congratulate you on your conquest, my dear Victoria,' said he. 'Don Antonio is the most accomplished nobleman of the time; rich, amiable, and of noble family. Perhaps you will not be very angry with me when I tell you, that it was I who informed him of your name. He followed me out when I quitted you, and entreated the favour with so much modesty, yet with such extreme earnestness, that I could not refuse him. Indeed, Donna, it would be a most excellent match, and would thereby frustrate the designs of your unkind brother.'

"'Stay, my good friend,' said I, 'your zeal for my welfare leads you too far. Don Antonio is certainly not an object to be despised; but I owe something to female delicacy and the honour of my family. If he is desirous to obtain my good opinion, he will find some means of proving it; we must not make the first advances.' 'You are right, madam,' returned Valerio: 'and I have no doubt of his perseverance, if you are so indulgent as to allow of my interference, after my giving my word that I will take no measure derogatory to your honour.'

"It was no difficult matter for Valerio to penetrate my sentiments, and his prediction was verified; for the very next day Don Antonio accosted him as he was coming out of chapel, and entreated him to offer me the following billet:—

"'Madam,

'Excuse my temerity in thus presuming to address you. I am not ignorant of the restraint imposed upon you, and have no other opportunity of revealing my sentiments. If I have had the good fortune not to be deemed altogether unworthy of your notice, and you can condescend to listen to the dictates of a pure and honourable passion, deign to grant me a short interview. But if this proposal subjects me to your displeasure, be assured you shall never more be persecuted by the solicitations of your most faithful admirer,

'and devoted humble servant,

'ANTONIO DE SILVA.'

"I read this letter to my two confidants, who were charmed with the contents, and entreated me to send a favourable answer. For my own part, although I felt highly flattered by the eagerness he displayed, I could not refrain from some uneasy conjectures. I thought Don Antonio too abrupt in his disclosure, and too impetuous in declaring his attachment to a girl he had only seen once; and I feared that an impression so hastily made would be as easily erased: however, I was overruled by the persuasions of my attached friends, and, to gratify them, sent an answer couched in these words:—

"'Signior,

'That I may not be deemed unjust or capricious, I consent to the interview you require; although I must declare to you, that your professions can have no weight with me, until I am convinced that they proceed from a thorough knowledge of my disposition and character: at present I must consider them the mere effusions of a romantic imagination.

'Yours, &c.

'VICTORIA MANZARES.'

"These few lines were received by Don Antonio with every demonstration of joy; and according to the arrangements made by Valerio and Matilda, my lover was conducted by a secret staircase to my apartments. I will not repeat a conversation, which must be insipid to persons not concerned—Suffice it, I did not treat Don Antonio with too much harshness; and at every interview, we seemed to find our mutual preference encrease. At length, not to tire you with a tedious recital, he prevailed upon me to consent to a private marriage, during the absence of Don Bernardo, who was at that time gone on a party of pleasure for several days. I was terrified at the idea of such a measure: but was at length induced to comply; and Don Antonio having interested the governor, who was his particular friend, in my behalf, the ceremony was performed at his house. My husband would have made our union public immediately; but I entreated him so tenderly to let us first try fair means, that he gave into my wish. We passed a few days together, happy in each other's society, and I then returned to my brother's house.

"Don Bernardo arrived the next morning, and Valerio took an early opportunity of mentioning Don Antonio to him, and proposing him for my husband; mentioning, at the same time, his influence with the governor, and the policy of embracing such an elegible offer. Don Bernardo was too cunning not to see that it would be dangerous to offend a person in power, and dissembling his real sentiments, protested that it gave him real pleasure; and that Don Antonio was, of all others, the person he would have selected for my husband. I was delighted with this unexpected compliance, and now deeply regretted my own duplicity, although I dared not to avow it. At length, Don Antonio arrived, accompanied by the governor, and proposals were made in form. My brother consented to all with the best grace imaginable. The contract was drawn up and signed, and my brother expressed a wish, that we would defer our marriage a few days, that Sylvio might be present, who was

expected home in the ensuing week. We could not refuse such a reasonable request, as the time was apparently so short. Week after week, however, passed away, and my young brother appeared not. This delay gave me some uneasiness, and I mentioned it to Don Antonio, who promised he would go to meet him—I would not agree to this. As my husband did not come to me the next day, I imagined he had put his plan into execution. Several days passed away, during which I suffered the greatest anxiety; and just as my impatience had risen to the utmost pitch, a Moor brought a letter for me. Seeing the hand writing of Don Antonio in the superscription, I eagerly tore it open—Judge of my consternation, on reading these words—never will they be effaced from my memory:

"'Why should I delay an avowal that must sooner or later be made? I must speak the truth, Victoria—I love you not, nor ever did—all your tenderness is unavailing, for I cannot return it. You were too easy a dupe, to retain long a man of refined delicacy, who always despises a conquest gained with so little difficulty. Forgive my sincerity, and be persuaded, that the best plan you can pursue, will be to forget, for ever,

ANTONIO DE SILVA.'

"This cruel letter," continued Donna Victoria, "almost distracted me—I fell senseless into the arms of Matilda, who was almost as much afflicted as myself. Valerio, after reading the letter, rushed frantickly out, in hopes of finding Don Antonio, and obtaining from him an explanation of conduct so base and so mysterious; but returned with the afflicting intelligence, that Don Antonio was not to be found. I passed a night of agonizing suspence, and about day break was alarmed by a violent noise in the house. I hurried from my chamber to learn the cause of such unusual tumult, when, as I was descending the staircase, the first object I beheld, was my brother Sylvio extended in the arms

of his people, a ghastly corpse, bathed in blood. Don Bernardo, with fury in his countenance, caught me as I was falling, overcome with surprise and horror. The roughness of his grasp recalled my fleeting senses—he pointed to the bleeding body of my brother. "Behold, base girl," said he, "the work of your vile lover; not content with dishonouring you, he has murdered this innocent boy—but think not to wash out this family disgrace with your tears: your life shall pay for the crimes of him you sought to espouse—thus shall the honour of our noble house be restored." The recollection of what she suffered at that dreadful moment, agitated Donna Victoria so extremely, that she declared herself incapable of proceeding, and Don Felix, though deeply interested, begged her to defer the remainder of her affecting history until another time—which, as it was then growing late, she agreed to, and invited him to visit them on the following day. Don Felix felt much gratified by the kind reception he had met with, and the flattering confidence reposed in him by Donna Victoria, whose misfortunes appeared of a nature, which admitted of no alleviation. While the charms and youthful graces of Seraphina haunted his imagination, and caused him to pass a sleepless night.

Seraphina, on the other hand, candidly avowed to her mother, the favourable opinion she had formed of their guest, and was happy to hear Donna Victoria express her opinion, that he was not insensible to her merit. "But we must not trust to appearances, my dear child," said she, "you find how cruelly I was deceived. Men are treacherous and designing; and, although I thus appear to encourage your attachment, by permitting the visits of the cavalier, it is only with a view to keep you from forming any clandestine engagement, which might involve you in greater evils."

(To be continued.)

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

I take the liberty of recommending to your notice a new game, which will be found very lively and amusing, after a little practice, and requires less study than may be imagined at first sight. It has long been a favourite pastime with the ladies, and may not be deemed beneath the notice of the gentlemen.

I remain, Sir,

An obliged correspondent,

PETER PLAYFAIR.

CONQUEST,

A NEW GAME AT CARDS.

IN order to play this game, there must be four pools, marked as follows, viz. *Bounty*, *Ammunition*, *Stores*, and *Conquest* or *Game*.

Four persons may play in partnership, as at whist, or singly. Each person to contribute six fish, which are to be equally divided in the four pools.

The whole pack of cards are to be dealt out, and the last card is the trump—If an ace, the dealer must pay six to the *Bounty* pool.

Honours are not to be reckoned—every trick counts for one, and the game is thirty.

Every player must follow suit, and the pools must be replenished as before, at each deal.

The black suits represent the navy; the red the army.

Either party making the whole of a navy trump suit, is entitled to ten fish from the *Store* pool, and ten from the *Ammunition*, which must be demanded when the last trick is turned, which must include the thirteenth card. The suit must not be trumps.

Either party making an army suit, which consists of ace, king, and queen, claims five fish from the Store pool, and five from *Ammunition*. This suit may be trumps.

The two black kings are called admirals—the two red kings are generals. When an admiral is taken by the adversary, he must be ransomed at the price of six fish from the losing party—the card is not to be returned, but the loser is allowed to score two towards the game.

If a general is taken, he must be ransomed at the price of eight fish, and the loser scores three. This must be settled before the cards are turned.

If the queen of trumps is taken, she must be considered a state prisoner, and ten fish be paid for her ransom. The captor then has the privilege of leading first.

If four kings are found in the cards of either party after the tricks are turned, it is called a *Truce*, and each person must pay two fish to the *Conquest* pool.

The tens are considered the colours, and if one or more are taken by a knave, the person who played the winning card, receives two fish for each ten from the *Conquest* pool.

If a knave is led, he is called a volunteer, and the player claims five fish from the *Bounty* pool. If there is not sufficient, a contribution must be raised to make the number complete—the dealer paying the odd one. In this case the pool must not be cleared.

Three knaves in the tricks of either side makes a recruiting party, and claims six fish from the *Bounty* pool. This must be decided by turning up the tricks, when the cards are played out.

Which ever party scores thirty first, clears all the pools.

REGULATIONS.

The cards must be well shuffled and cut.

If any person misses deal, they must pay six fish to the lowest pool, and begin again.

In case of a revoke, the party revoking forfeits three fish to the *Conquest* pool.

THE BANKS OF THE DART.

Concluded from page 38.

LETTER VI.

Edward to Matilda Fitzauban.

Kensington.

I HAVE received your letter, my dear sister, and will be with you as soon as I possibly can; but it cannot be so soon as you wish. The intelligence you sent me was anticipated, in part, by Crauford himself, who, last Thursday, sent for me. I was greatly surprised at the summons, but more so at the state I found him in, having been overturned at Kensington, and bruised in a most dreadful manner. The post boy being intoxicated, Crauford expected some accident would ensue, and was just leaning out of the chaise window to caution him, when the chaise fell on the same side, and his arm was shattered in a shocking manner.—Amputation was considered necessary; but it is doubtful, whether it will be attended with the desired success. Under these circumstances, he thought proper to send for me. He made the most penitent concessions for his past treachery, and assured me, that although Emma had been deluded by his artifices, she had never ceased to love me, or to regret the misconduct which had deprived her of a mother's pleasures. "It was in vain," said Crauford, "I lavished on her every indulgence affluence could procure. At times she would eagerly hasten to scenes of gaiety; but it was only in the hope of banishing painful reflections, and every scene presented objects which augmented the pangs of self-reproach. If she saw a faithfully attached couple, who claimed the respect of the world—she seemed oppressed with the most agonizing sensations. If she beheld a mother cares-

sing her infant, she would instantly sicken and turn pale, or, bursting into tears, fly their presence. All my endeavours to make her act with more fortitude, were unavailing. I alternately soothed or chid her, and at last my indignation was roused to such a height, that I threatened to separate from her for ever. For some time after this, she was more circumspect in her conduct, and whatever her internal feelings were, she did not irritate me by a disclosure of them; and, to divert her mind, I persuaded her to accompany me into the west of England. She was pleased with the proposal, and delighted with the cottage I had purchased on the banks of the Dart; but I found that entire solitude would not suit her frame of mind, and I took her for a short time to Exeter, where your sister first met with us. In consequence of some estates lately bequeathed to me, I had taken the name of Melfort, which prevented Miss Fitzauban from having any suspicion who we were. Emma was much agitated on hearing the name, and being apprehensive that you might join the assembly, hurried me away.

"Upon enquiring, we found that Miss Fitzauban was coming to Dartmouth, with Mr. Montford's family; and Emma entreated me to let her solicit an intimacy. No doubt your sister has communicated to you all that passed subsequently.

"From that time, Emma no longer attempted to conceal from me her wretchedness. Nor will I hesitate to acknowledge that I was sometimes harsh with her, almost to violence. At last I determined on a separation. Emma heard me without opposing my determination, and I left her in resentment. Heaven has punished my villany in an exemplary manner. I cannot even expect your forgiveness; but I sent for you, to assure you, that all the restitution in my power shall be made for the injury I have done. I deprived your child of a mother; but as far as fortune can be made an equivalent, I will do my duty. I have bequeathed all my property to the little Adeline, with the exception of one thousand pounds to Miss Fitzauban, as a marriage por-

tion." I could not help expressing my surprise at this bequest. Crauford sighed. "No doubt it appears singular to you; but when I tell you how much I respect and admire that lovely girl, your astonishment will cease. Oh, Fitzauban, had I sooner known her, I might have been less guilty, you less unhappy." He was so much exhausted by this long conversation, that I quitted him, that he might have a few hours rest; and I have employed the interval to write to you. The physician who attends him, does not entertain any hopes of his life; he attributes his danger to the unskilful management of the surgeon. I will write to you again to-morrow.

In continuation.

The unfortunate, guilty Crauford breathed his last this morning, and I cannot but apprehend that my imprudence in communicating the death of Emma, had been in the first instance the cause of impeding his recovery.

I believe his motive in making no provision for her was, that I might, through motives of compassion, be induced to receive and forgive her. I shall only wait to see every thing properly arranged, and then begin my journey. With regard to your affairs, I can only say, that the proposals of Mr. Aubrey give me pleasure; and, although I have not a heart to triumph over, or rejoice at the misfortunes of others, I feel a small degree of satisfaction, that his disinterestedness will be rewarded by your unexpected acquisition of fortune. If any thing were necessary to confirm you in those principles of virtue which you already possess, it would be the fate of the imprudent Emma. You see, my dear sister, how short the triumph of vice must prove; all the advantages of wealth, all the allurements of dissipation are inadequate to procure happiness, if conscious rectitude does not lend its aid to solace the heart. Nothing can compensate for the privation of that internal peace, which is only to be secured by a firm adherence to our moral and domestic duties. But advice to you is superfluous. Your

conduct has already secured you the respect of estimable friends, and the love of a worthy young man. Ever may you continue as hitherto, and neither husband nor brother can have cause of complaint. Among those who rejoice in your present brilliant prospects, there are none more sincere than your ever affectionate friend and brother,

EDWARD FITZAUBAN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LADY'S MUSEUM.

MR. EDITOR,

I AM a bachelor of some standing, and wish extremely to tie myself up for life, or, in plainer English, to get married. Every body tells me (and what every body says is allowed on all hands to be true) that it is the easiest thing in nature, or perhaps in art, to get the before-mentioned knot tied; so it may be, and I believe is; but, my dear Mr. Editor, to a nervous man like me, the very thought of it is like a thunder-clap: it conjures up in my imagination so many images of confusion, that I cannot bring myself to set seriously about it; besides, so many of my young male friends have done this thing, without being afterwards happy, that, when I reflect on their situations, I am more staggered than ever.

There was Ned Goodacre, an old acquaintance of mine, got married, about four years ago, to Miss Nancy Neverthink, whom he first met at a dancing-master's ball, at the Paul's Head, Cateaton Street. I remember being there with him; (for, although I am no dancer, it sometimes happens that I am over-persuaded to go to a ball) and Ned, having asked Miss Nancy to dance, was *happy enough* to get her for a partner. At the end of the dance, supper was announced to be ready, and Ned, you know, could do no less than ask Miss Nancy to take some; all this was agreed to, and we sat down together. The lady was a very

shewy one, and Ned was not a little flattered at having *so stylish* a lass by his side, and soon began to be absolutely *smitten* with her; at least his manner made it appear so to me, for he forgot *his* leg of a fowl, in observing the elegance with which *she* managed a wing. As for the lady, her eyes sparkled, and her tongue talked such sweet nothings, that I can scarcely wonder Ned forgot his supper.—Suffice it, Mr. Editor, that Ned danced with her the rest of the night, and, at the conclusion, I hardly need say that he had the pleasure to see her home.

Next day he came to me, and, with pleasure in every feature, informed me that she was the daughter of a capital farmer in Suffolk, and was at a fashionable mantua-maker's in ——— Street, *for improvement!* I shrugged my shoulders, and shook my head very sapiently, to no purpose; Ned was determined, and followed up his game (I beg pardon—his lady—for I do not intend *to make game* of the fair sex) in the usual way; that is, he made her divers *pretty little presents*, wrote two sonnets and one song in praise of her, (for Ned once was a bit of a poet, but it is all over now), walked in the park with her, went to the play with her, took her once to the Magdalen, twice to a ball, and the thing was done.

I will not detain you with a description of the wedding dinner, which was a good one, for I was at it; but will proceed at once to tell you that poor Ned was caught. He had taken it for granted that if not of a rich, Miss Nancy was at least of a good family; but he was in all this miserably deceived:—her father did indeed live in Suffolk, but he was living there in a menial capacity, and had left London for debt—I had nearly written, run away; but the lady's mother, about whom little or nothing had ever been said, turned out to be a washerwoman, who lived up a blind alley, in the Curtain Road! I respect a washerwoman, as such; (indeed, we bachelors are under some necessity to do so), but I cannot extend the same respect to the daughter of one, who has lost sight of her proper situation,

and made a worthy man miserable; though, upon recollection, I doubt it was more Ned's fault than Nancy's They are now as thoroughly unhappy as it is possible for man and woman to be: she is a complete slattern, except on great occasions, when she is in the very opposite extreme of gaiety; not at all a housewife, household affairs are consequently neglected. They have a child, which, unfortunately, has been the means, not of making them happier, but more miserable; for it is a perpetual source of discord between them, how it shall be cloathed, fed, and educated. Poor Ned, spirit-broken, has become careless of almost every thing; and I do assure you, Mr. Editor, it appears to me *so very serious a matter*, that I fear to look about me for a wife, lest I should be trapped in some way or another; at all events, I have made *one vow* on the occasion, which is, not to look about me for one at a ball, where, in general, all is glitter, deception, and insincerity.

Now, sir, I should feel infinitely obliged to any of your fair readers, or indeed to any of your readers, male or female, if they would, through the medium of your useful and instructive Museum, give me a few hints how to go to work on this most trying occasion; and by what manners and appearances I may be likely to know the woman who is worth having, from her who is unworthy of a man, anxious to confer happiness on a deserving female, as far as lays in his power. I hope some one of your correspondents will do this; for it seems likely else that I may wear out my modicum of life in celibacy, without leaving behind me a heir to perpetuate my name, or enjoy the little property I possess; and really, sir, that is a distressing thought. I am at present on the right side of forty, about five feet, nine inches and a half high, and can assure you I am not willing to be *much longer*

A BACHELOR.

*** *The Editor refers his Correspondent to the Busy Body: he will find an answer.*

THE CAPTAIN'S DAUGHTER;

OR, A

JOURNAL OF VICISSITUDES.

PACKET III.

Fitzosborn Park, 11th March.

WHEN I returned to my father's chamber, I observed that he had been in earnest conversation with Mr. Harrington, who now joined his persuasions to induce me to declare my resolution. I know not what I answered, but, turning to my father, awaited his decision, ere I acquiesced in, or offered an objection to, the entreaties of Mr. Harrington, while tears I could not suppress fell from my eyes, and convulsive sobs proclaimed the anguish of my heart.

"My dearest child, why this apparent reluctance to comply with the wishes of your father," said my dear parent, as he pressed my hand with the tenderest affection; "can a temporary concealment of your marriage either degrade your understanding or endanger your repose? Can you imagine Mr. Harrington will be less anxious than yourself for its disclosure? No, Albinia, he will be even more desirous than yourself to throw aside the veil. Consent then, I intreat you, my beloved girl, to place yourself beyond the reach of fortune's frowns, and beyond the power of those misfortunes which I have frequently contemplated the prospect of with horror."

My father rightly judged, that, by such language, I should not have power to act in opposition to the wishes of his heart.—"Oh! I will do whatever you require, or that can satisfy you, my father; never shall my heart reproach me with suffering your latter moments to be rendered miserable upon my account; do with me what you will, ask what you please, and I will accede to whatever can, in any manner, contribute to your ease and comfort."—"And Heaven

will reward your filial affection, my child," replied my father, as he raised himself in bed, and motioned to unite my hands with Mr. Harrington's. "Take her, my friend," cried he, "accept the sole remaining treasure of an expiring fellow mortal, who regards you almost equally as his child; and, as you cherish and protect the sacred deposit, so will the Almighty ruler of the universe reward you in the present world, and assuredly in that to come."

There was an impressive solemnity in my father's tone of voice, an expression in his countenance, as he addressed himself to Mr. Harrington, of which it is impossible to convey a just idea: it was awful and striking, and, at the moment, might make an impression on his auditor, stronger even than we may now imagine. Mr. Harrington appeared to listen with attention, and promised every thing, vowing eternal love and constancy, and declaring his happiness could only be secured by a step which would overcome every difficulty that might arise to impede our union, and he doubted not, soon to pave the way for a recall to the bosom of his family. I tried to hope and to believe the best, but I trembled excessively, when I saw him depart to prepare his friend for the performance of the ceremony.

At a late hour in the evening, Mr. Harrington returned, and, having brought his friend with him, my father was rendered happy, by bestowing me upon his captivating favourite, the friend he mentioned officiating in the clerical capacity, and a confidential servant of Harrington's (sworn to secresy on that occasion) witnessing the ceremony, which was performed with the utmost decorum and propriety.

A soul such as your own, my friend, can alone conceive the emotions which oppressed my bosom, at the conclusion of the marriage ceremony: overpowered by agitation, I fainted; but the attentions of those around me soon restored me to recollection, when, bursting into tears, I hastily retired to my chamber, where I threw myself across my bed, in a state of dreadful agony. The tears I shed relieved

my bursting heart, and, casting myself before the throne of mercy, I implored Heaven to inspire my mind with fortitude, and teach me to endure my fate with calmness. The consciousness of having afforded satisfaction to my dying parent diffused a gleam of comfort, and I felt that, in the performance of an act of duty, the heart is cheered by the certainty of doing right.

At the end of two days, my father resigned his soul to Him who gave him life, and I was left to mourn the loss of one of the most indulgent and affectionate of parents.—But it will be best to draw a veil across the awful and afflicting scene that preceded the moment of his dissolution, and merely state, it was such as may be easily pictured to the imagination—at once mournful and impressive. Mr. Harrington was present, and appeared deeply affected, while, with the tenderest expressions of sympathy and affection, he strove to soothe my affliction; and my dear parent expired in the fond and cheering hope of having secured me an honourable and worthy protector.

A few days after the interment of my father, Mr. Harrington proposed my removal to another part of the kingdom; alledging, that the impropriety of the continuance of his visits must be manifest, that the voice of censure would be roused to condemn my conduct, and my expectations must inevitably suffer. To this proposal, reluctant as I felt to quit a spot endeared by many a pleasing recollection, I offered no other objection than that occasioned by the absence of the Ewbanks, to whom Mr. Harrington assured me he had written to acquaint them with my father's death; and had received intelligence from a friend at Chester, to whom, not exactly knowing Mr. Ewbank's address, he had enclosed his letter, that the family, instead of pursuing their original plan of visiting their relations in North Wales, had gone to Devonshire, to visit a friend, whom Mr. Ewbank had not seen for some years. I felt no surprise at this, but was astonished at the continued silence

of Anna, who suffered several of my letters to remain unanswered, and in particular on that melancholy occasion, to fail in offering a single word of consolation.

It was requisite to arrange matters, at the cottage, in such manner as would give least trouble to Mr. Ewbank, on his return. I was then only just turned of seventeen, and, by a request verbally made, and repeated in writing, from my father to Mr Ewbank, that gentleman was appointed sole manager of his concerns, and trustee for the trifling sum that remained after his decease.

On examining my father's papers and property, the value was not likely to exceed a few hundred pounds, of which Mr. Ewbank was to have the management during my minority, or until I married. It was necessary to acquaint Mr. Ewbank with my departure, and I felt also, that I ought, in consideration of the friendship which subsisted betwixt my deceased parent and himself, to acquaint him with my change of situation.

At first Mr. Harrington appeared averse to my placing any confidence of that nature in either Mr. Ewbank or his daughter; but, upon reflection, he consented to acquaint my friends with the affair, and offered himself to write to Mr. Ewbank, which he did.

My heart, my dear Mrs. M——, was grateful, and naturally affectionate; and though yet a stranger to any sentiment beyond that of respect and esteem for Mr. Harrington, I was resolved to make every effort to subdue all tender recollections of another, and study to convince him, that I was happy, and contented with my lot: still bearing in mind, that to afford gratification to my expiring parent, I had sacrificed every selfish consideration; and in that reflection experienced a soothing balm to my heart, which a sense of duty strictly performed towards an affectionate father, could alone inspire.

As I had no acquaintances to whom it was requisite to offer any explanation on the subject of my quitting the country, I merely stated to the few with whom I held any

conversation on the subject, that, being under an engagement to visit some of my mother's relations in Ireland, I should take that opportunity to pass a few months with them, till my health and spirits should become recruited.

On the morning appointed for the commencement of my journey, a chaise attended at the cottage door at an early hour; when, after bestowing a recompence for their fidelity on all my father's late domestics, and paying each their stipulated hire, I entered the carriage, and bade adieu to an abode where I had passed the happiest of my days. The tears in torrents rushed from my eyes, I turned to take a farewell look of Langdale and its picturesque romantic environs, the solemn gloom of whose lofty boundaries, impressed my mind with awful presages and melancholy recollections. My tears flowed in abundance, and I wept with all the bitterness of a heart surcharged with sorrows.

I endeavoured to tranquillize my mind, and prepare myself for a meeting with Mr. Harrington, which took place at Lancaster, where he had waited to receive me on my arrival, (having previously quitted his northern residence, a few days ere I left the cottage). From thence we journeyed with considerable expedition towards London, concluding the journey at a sweetly-situated dwelling which he had engaged for my reception, in the vicinity of Richmond, where I was welcomed as its mistress, by my husband, whose entertaining conversation, and tender cares, had beguiled the journey of its length, and led my mind from melancholy recollections to the enjoyment of present peace, and the anticipation of considerable future happiness.

Perhaps you may wonder at the change which had taken place in my mind during so short a period as that allotted for the performance of our journey; but you will cease to feel surprize, when you bestow a moment's reflection on the liveliness of imagination, and the power of the emotions of the heart in youth; that season when the love

of novelty, if the mind is unvitiated, unites with gratitude, in leading the heart to regard the promoter of its happiness.

Mr. Harrington's influence over my mind became daily stronger, his merits seemed more conspicuous, his manners still more captivating, and I unquestionably began to regard him with a degree of affection, I had at first imagined impossible to experience for him. Of Montague Wallace I no longer thought, but with the calm regard of a sister; for I had studiously avoided giving way to recollections incompatible with the duty I owed to Mr. Harrington; and, by recalling only instances of his unremitting solicitude to promote my happiness, I rested all my hopes of future comfort and felicity on him. I had not a single care or wish ungratified, save that of hearing from Anna Ewbank, or her father, to both of whom I had addressed myself at different places, in hopes some one of my letters might reach their hands, but I did not receive from either a single line to relieve my anxiety.

Surrounded by elegancies, and with every rational and delightful amusement that could be devised, I had every instruction refined taste, and superior knowledge could bestow, daily poured into my mind. Mr. Harrington was a proficient in music, and in drawing, and took peculiar pleasure in correcting my performances; while he compleated my knowledge of the French and Italian languages, and, in a word, spared neither pains nor time to improve my taste. While such the perversion of sense and reason, in the minds of many men of rare abilities, he was carrying on the farce of dissimulation, and gratifying a short-lived selfish passion, at the expence of honour and integrity.

During the six months which we passed in the neighbourhood of Richmond, our visitors were confined to one or two of Mr. Harrington's particular intimates; but at the expiration of that term, we repaired to the capital, and our guests were, in future, more numerous, and men of

agreeable and polished manners, to whom I was introduced under the name of Harrington, and treated with the utmost respect and attention by each.

I was, at first, astonished at his temerity in risking thus a disclosure of his situation to his uncle, or any of his family; but my apprehensions upon that score were done away, by his assuring me, there was nothing to dread from the imprudence of his friends, who were all of them men of the strictest honour and integrity. Besides which, his uncle lived in retirement in the south of Ireland, maintaining no intercourse with any persons likely to betray our secret; and, as his own near connections rarely visited the metropolis, there was scarcely a probability of their making the discovery.

By nature unsuspicious, and implicitly relying on whatever Mr. Harrington asserted, I was satisfied with what he chose to assure me. But I was unacquainted with the ways of mankind; and had still to learn the pain-inspiring knowledge, that deceit is often hid beneath a fair exterior, serving but to cover the depravity of hearts fraught with the basest purposes, and detestable hypocrisy.

Still weeks passed on, and not a single word of intelligence reached me of my friends, the Ewbanks; my doubts and apprehensions were becoming more painful upon that head; and, at length, to ease my mind, Mr. Harrington agreed to send his confidential servant to the lodge, to make arrangements for its resignation with the person of whom it had been hired, and make the most minute enquiries into the cause of my friends' unaccountable silence. I again addressed Anna, and charged the man to deliver my letter into her own hands, or, if she was not at home, to get a proper direction from the housekeeper at the Grove, and send it to whatever part of the kingdom my friend might then be in. This he promised faithfully to perform, and I awaited his return with indescribable impatience and anxiety.

Again, however, I was disappointed in my hopes of hearing from my Anna. The fellow assured me he had

made every possible enquiry after the family about whom I was so anxious; had heard they were in perfect health; had been at home for a couple of months the preceding autumn, but had returned to Devonshire to pass the winter; and that, having obtained Miss Ewbank's address, he had implicitly fulfilled my commands, and sent off my letter inclosed in a blank cover, lest any mistake should arise from his altering the direction in my hand.

From the post office at Ambleside, where it had lain for several months, this man brought me a letter from my maternal uncle, Mr. O'Grady, in reply to one I had addressed to him, on the oocasion of my father's death. Though couched in language which bespoke the writer to possess a better heart than understanding, the expressions it contained, and the offer of an asylum in his family, were peculiarly gratifying to my feelings. I replied to it in terms of lively gratitude, declining, as you may suppose, my uncle's very friendly invitation; and little dreaming I should ever be necessitated to avail myself of his proffered hospitality. For I was still a novice in the world; in the very zenith of my felicity, daily, almost hourly, receiving added proofs of Harrington's affection; engaged in a perpetual round of amusement, and interesting occupations; my bosom a stranger to care. But permanent felicity can never be the lot of mortals; "we know not what a day may bring forth;" for

"Ah! who has power to say,
To-morrow's sun shall warmer glow;
And o'er this gloomy vale of woe
Diffuse a brighter ray.

Ah! who is ever sure,
Though all that can the soul delight,
This hour enchants the wond'ring sight,
Those raptures can endure."

I must now, however, lay aside my pen, as I have an

indispensable engagement with Fitzosborne, at the house of a neighbour, where a recent joyful event is to be celebrated with festivity and rejoicing.

Adieu, and believe me,

Your's, ever affectionately,

ALBINIA FITZOSBORNE.

DR. JOHNSON'S OPINION on LOVE and MATRIMONY.

AS we had been saying one day (relates Mrs. Piozzi), that no subject failed of receiving dignity from the manner in which the Doctor treated it, a lady at my house said she would make him talk about love, and took her measures accordingly, deriding the novels of the day, because they treated of love. "It is not," replied the Doctor, "because they treat, as you call it, about love, but because they treat of nothing, that they are despicable. We must not ridicule a passion, which he who never felt never was happy, and he who laughs at never deserves to feel—a passion which has caused the change of empires, and the loss of worlds—a passion which has inspired heroism, and subdued avarice."—"Do not," says he, "forbear to marry a beautiful woman, if you can find such, out of confidence that she will be less constant than an ugly one; or condemn yourself to the society of coarseness and vulgarity, for fear of the expences or other damages of elegance and personal charms, which have always been acknowledged as a positive good, and for the want of which there should always be given some weighty compensation. I have, however," continues Dr. Johnson, "seen some prudent fellows, who forbore to connect themselves with beauty, lest coquetry should be near; and with wit or birth, lest insolence should lurk behind them, till they have been forced by their discretion to linger life away in tasteless stupidity, and count the moments by remembrance of pain, instead of enjoyment of pleasure."

THE LITERARY SPY.

The Lower World, by Mr. Pratt, price 6s. pp. 148.

THE idea of this poem was suggested by Lord Erskine's Bill for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

It is divided into four books, and commences with an apostrophe (so the argument tells us, for we cannot discover it in the poem), to the proposer of the bill—it regrets that law

"Unto pure human pity ne'er extends—"
—"And who can paint the horror that prevails
Where law controuls not, and where reason fails?"

After painting in dark colours the cruelties which are but too frequently inflicted on the brute creation, and asserting their claim to the protection of mankind, it concludes with introducing a deputation of animals to the houses of parliament, and appeals to the legislators;

——"Who guard a generous people's rights,
In whom strong wisdom, with strong power, unites;
Ye chosen guardians of a smiling land,
To whom an empire delegates command:
Patrons, protectors of her awful laws,
Rise *ye* to aid Compassion's sacred cause;
Your's of the Higher World, the highest place,
Ah! look with pity on a hapless race,
Thrown on the rage or mercy of mankind,
A tower of strength in you they yet may find,
Think that you see the desolated throng,
Cover'd with stripes, and many a bleeding wrong;
Think that you see the Suppliants at your feet,
And hear the pang-extorted moan and bleat;
Think you behold them congregating round,
Dragging their ruins near your hallow'd ground.

Think that they raise to you th' imploring eye,
The piteous look, deep wound, and piercing cry;
Victims of wanton pride and deadly rage,
O let them all your eloquence engage;
The hard of heart, a moral sense to teach,
Image them gifted with the powers of speech;
Think that, IN VERITY, just Heav'n bestows
A human voice to tell inhuman woes;
Sublim'd awhile *their* Nature to your own,
Think that you hear them plead from REASON'S throne!

O then, at length the saving code impart,
'Tis your's to frame this *statute of the heart*,
This be YOUR law··TO MAKE EACH TYRANT KNOW,
THE WOE HE GIVES SHALL BE RETURN'd BY WOE.

We give Mr. Pratt credit for his good intention in publishing this poem, to which he was probably urged by his feelings; but they sometimes sink into affectation, as in the following description of the ox:—

"From the full pasture which thy avarice gave,
Summon'd to slaughter, lo! yon pamper'd slave
The Ox comes forth to yield for thee his life,
To the uplifted axe, and ruthless knife;
Yet e'en to Death compell'd in *haste* to go,
By stripes tormented, ere he meets the blow.
Why on his reeking side that searching lash?
Why in his way-swoll'n heel, that bleeding gash?
Why, near the public mart, arriv'd at length,
—With fever'd frame, and with exhausted strength—
Why must he pass, by thirst and hunger press'd,
His last sad Sabbath, but no day of rest?

Next view him on the spot long stain'd by pow'r,
Sad monument of England's darkest hour;
Where hecatombs of human victims bled,
As bigot rage the sanguine edict spread;
While fatal zeal usurp'd religion's name—
Dire scene! devoted still to England's shame;

The fell banditti there each other meet,
For the BRUTE-DEMON there has fix'd his seat;
And tho' for mercy England has a tear,
A hand, a heart, the demon riots there."

Now, the author must certainly be aware, that it can make little difference to oxen whether they are fatted for eating or avarice, the *axe* and *ruthless* knife are expressions which only mean, that beef, before it can be eaten, must be killed. But we cannot account for the terms BRUTE-DEMON and *banditti*; the first we do not understand, the next is a falsity.

But, notwithstanding the author's deprecation of cruelty, he appears, in one instance, to have forgotten his text; he says, the lower world has oft

" Inspir'd the painter's touch, the poet's strain.
Ardent alike the pen and pencil try,
Which most shall charm the heart, or lure the eye;
Their varied hues and thrilling numbers move,
And all is beauty, harmony, and love.

* * * * * *

On painted banks there sleeps the fleecy dam,
And close beside her stands the pictur'd lamb;
Here stretch'd at large the pamper'd ox is seen,
Pastur'd in meadows of Parnassian green;
There bolder sketch'd the spirit-breathing steed,
Like some proud courser of ethereal breed,
Seems now to rest upon the canvass plain,
Now triumphs in the verse, and spurns the rein.
Reposing soft upon his master's knee
Caress'd, caressing, there the dog we see,
In hopes to gain his lord's society,
He watches now each motion of the eye,
Consults the history of the monarch face,
And leaps with joy when partner of the chase.
With rapture wild, yet passive to command,
Next view him bounding o'er the dewy land;

The master seems the servant's bliss to share,
And mingled music fills the vocal air;
As in yon group they join the hunter train,
Skirting the copse, and scattering o'er the plain.

Mr. Pratt seems, however, willing to allow, that too great fondness may be shewn to brutes, for

——" Some there are, who verging on excess,
For softness form'd, solicitous to bless,
May feel a patron's, parent's, anxious fear,
And of the LOWER WORLD too fond appear.
Perchance some kind affection, pure and true,
As ere the gen'rous breast of woman knew,
In youth's impressive morning, might invade
The earliest hope of the affianc'd maid;
The cherish'd feelings of the plighted heart,
On some new image must transfer a part.
Or haply, offspring wish'd, but wish'd in vain,
They seek some object that may soothe the pain.
Love, tho' a despot, ne'er can reign alone,
But asks some tender partner of his throne.

* * * * * *

And tho' less cherish'd than the former flame,
Differing as much in Nature as in name;
A favourite of the feline, canine race,
Of grove, mead, garden, may our thoughts embrace
A feather'd friend, a chosen flower, may prove
Gilead's sweet balm to disappointed love.

This fondness for tabbies and lap dogs, which is very common, is reprehended in very gentle terms; this *is* in excess, says Mr. P. but the conduct of the Arab to his horse is the proper example to follow: he

" Feeds at his board, reposes in his tent;
Confides, yet ne'er finds reason to repent,
The wife, the children, trusted to his love,
The generous Slave seems half afraid to move.

See on his glossy back the infants lay,
Or, with his awful tresses harmless play;
The lightest touch restrains, or urges speed;
Are England's coursers a less generous breed?
Ah! no; already this the Muse has shown;
Then on Arabian model form thy own."

The wild Irish have already done this, says the author of 'My Pocket Book;' pigs and cows have been introduced to their mud cabin and table; but having once got into place, they will neither be turned out nor resign—and why should they?—for Mr. Pratt, their advocate, appears to doubt, whether a pig or a man be the superior animal:

"Perchance—for who the ways of heaven may scan?
The brutes superior being *may* be man."

Fie! The Bible, or Buffon, which Mr. P. appears to have read, could easily solve this *perchance.*

We know not why the following lines are printed in capitals, unless it is to point out their resemblance to the tedious repetitions of the law:

"THAT BIRD, BEAST, INSECT, LIKE HIMSELF CAN FEEL."
"BIRD, BEAST, FISH, INSECT, TREMBLE ROUND HIS THRONE."
"TO BIRD, BEAST, MAN, LET JUSTICE BE THY RULE."

They are, perhaps, intended to signify—capital poetry, which we cannot think it is—nor that spur and war, eye and tyranny, are rhymes, whatever birth and birth, may be.

But enough, Mr. Pratt has bid his farewell to the public; and

"Time prepares his sweeping scythe to bring,
And cover with his own, the poet's wing."

Contes a ma Fille, par J. N. Bouilly, 2 vols. price 7s. pp. 457. Colburn.

THIS book, which we have *not* entirely perused, possesses some merit, and a few faults; the latter may be attributed to the taste of the nation in which it was produced; it, in many instances, displays the flutter and tarnished tinsel of the great nation. Unnecessary as it is to publish such volumes, while we have an Edgeworth, a Trimmer, and others, in our own country, our praise is no less due to those even of a rival kingdom, who strive, by improving the rising generation, to render mankind more happy.

Several of the tales possess interest, and will be useful as exercises in the French language (as they contain many words in general use at Paris, not known in England) exclusive of the moral which each generally inculcates. But we think that the author will, in some respects, fail in his intended purpose. Youth is to be corrected by admonition, and hardly ever will public exposure effect any reform, or, at least, it will be attended by such circumstances, that in rooting out one vice or error, another, and perhaps a more detrimental one, may be implanted. In *Le Peigne Parlant, Le Journal des Modes, Le Sansonnet*, &c. the parties are exposed to the derision of their friends, and the sarcasm of the public; this, to an ingenuous mind, must be a violent remedy, and to one of an irritable disposition, must leave behind a rankling hatred. Perhaps, the pettiness of the stratagems may be thought to prevent this; but it should be remembered, that to the little, small things are of consequence.

This work is intended for schools, but is, for several reasons, not well calculated for them; it is in two volumes, when it might be very easily compressed into one; the price is too great, and it is very incorrectly printed.

Sands sc

London Dresses for February.

Published by Vernor, Hood & Sharpe Poultry. Feb.1.1811.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

THE Letters of the late Anna Seward, written between the years 1784 and 1807, selected by herself, and bequeathed to Mr. Constable for publication, will, we understand, appear early in January, comprising six volumes, most beautifully printed, in post octavo. The epistolary correspondence of eminent persons forms a species of publication, perhaps the most generally acceptable of any other. They present great characters in that point of view under which we most delight to view them, in their familiar and social intercourse, when moving in a sphere, and under the influence of feelings and situations similar to our own. Considered in these lights, the Letters of Miss Seward possess very peculiar claims to attention. This lady was placed in the centre of one of the most brilliant literary societies in Britain; a society which had given to the world a Darwin, an Edgeworth, and a Day; on a spot, too, which had recently produced Dr. Johnson and Mr. Garrick. No other publication, containing so much anecdote in the society of Lichfield, has hitherto appeared; the present, therefore, will afford an interesting specimen of the tone of familiar intercourse which prevailed in it. Miss Seward's poetical fame and character, however, had extended her connections far beyond the limits of this literary circle; many of the most distinguished persons, in all parts of these kingdoms, were included in the list of her correspondents. Among these, we may mention James Boswell, Esq. William Hayley, Esq. Dr. Darwin, Helen Maria Williams, Mrs. Knowles, Dr. G. Gregory, Mrs. Piozzi, T. Park, Esq. Walter Scott, Esq. Rev. H. Todd, R. Southey, Esq. Rev. R. Fellowes, &c. &c.

The present collection possesses a peculiar superiority over almost all others, in being free from those abuses to which, in a greater or less degree, they are inevitably

liable. Being generally surreptitious ar posthumous, they want the sanction and controul of the author; and publishers, eager only to gratify the general avidity for such compositions, swell their volumes with materials which are neither edifying to the public, not honourable to the memory of the writer. But, in the present instance, there can be no room for any such irregularity; all the letters, now to be published, having been carefully selected, and deliberately bequeathed, by Miss Seward herself, for publication.

Mr. Bloomfield, author of the "Farmer's Boy," &c. is now preparing a volume of poems for the press.

Cabinet of Fashion.

WITH ELEGANTLY COLOURED PLATES.

Fig. 1.—A full dress of amber-coloured crape over white satin, the bottom, bosom, and sleeves trimmed with a vandyke border of thread lace; an amber velvet hat, with white ostrich feathers and bugles; white kid gloves and shoes.

Fig. 2.—A round high mourning robe of cambric, with a deep full-trimmed collar; a Swedish coat of French grey cloth, trimmed with a white swansdown trimming, fastened in front with a pearl broach; clasps to correspond for the waist; a traveller's hat of black or grey velvet, trimmed with swansdown; half boots of grey cloth, laced and bound with black velvet; Chinese ridicule of grey satin; gold eye glass and chain; buff gloves.

THE

APOLLONIAN WREATH.

DOCTOR MONRO.

FROM JAMES HOGG'S MOUNTAIN BARD.

Tune—'Humours o' Glen.'

"DEAR Doctor, be clever, and fling off your beaver;
Come bleed me, and blister me, do not be slow:
I'm sick, I'm exhausted, my schemes they are blasted,
And all driven heels o'er head, Doctor Monro."
"Be patient, dear fellow, you foster your fever;
Pray what's the misfortune that bothers you so?"
"O, Doctor! I'm ruin'd! I'm ruin'd for ever!
My lass has forsaken me, Doctor Monro.

I meant to have married, and tasted the pleasures,
The sweets, the enjoyments in wedlock that flow;
But she's ta'en another, and broken my measures,
And fairly confounded me, Doctor Monro."
"I'll bleed and I'll blister you, over and over;
I'll master your malady ere that I go:
But raise up your head from below the bed cover,
And give some attention to Doctor Monro.

If Christy had wed you, she would have misled you,
And laugh'd at your love with some handsome young beau.
Her conduct will prove it; but how would you love it?
"I soon would have lam'd her, dear Doctor Monro."
"Each year brings a pretty young son, or a daughter;
Perhaps you're the father; but how shall you know?
You hug them—her gallant is bursting with laughter"—
"That thought's like to murder me, Doctor Monro."

"The boys cost you many a penny and shilling;
You breed them with pleasure, with trouble, and woe:
But one turns a rake, and another a villain."—
"My heart could not bear it, dear Doctor Monro."
"The lasses are comely, and dear to your bosom;
But virtue and beauty has many a foe!
O think what may happen, just nipt in their blossom!"
"Ah! merciful Heaven! cease, Doctor Monro.

Dear Doctor, I'll thank you to hand me my breeches:
I'm better; I'll drink with you ere that you go;
I'll never more sicken for women or riches,
But love my relations, and Doctor Monro.
I plainly perceive, were I wedded to Christy,
My peace and my pleasures I needs must forego."
He still lives a bachelor; drinks when he's thirsty;
And sings like a lark, and loves Doctor Monro.

FAITH, HOPE, AND CHARITY.

FAITH like the Bethlehem Star may guide mankind,
And beam her radiance o'er the human mind,
Repel each doubt that shades with black controul,
Avert despair, and cheer the fainting soul;
May firmly plant a reverential trust
In some great awful pow'r, supreme as just,
Who view's creation with omniscient eyes,
And round whose throne, eternal 'mid the skies,

Wisdom and glorious strength divinely blend,
And boundless mercy that shall never end—
FAITH, while as journeying sad, we tread below,
May lift our thoughts above this waste of woe,
And boldly flutt'ring on exalted plume,
Point up to realms, far, far beyond the tomb!

HOPE fondly glancing through the dark abyss,
May deck those worlds in all the charms of bliss,
And, tracing out the captivating scene,
May tell in whispers soft, and smiles serene,
Such shall be our's when transient life is o'er,
And the warm vital pulse can throb no more—
May sweetly promise to the anxious breast
Seraphic peace, and everlasting rest!

But stops *Salvation* here?—Ah! what avails
FAITH's lucid dawn, or HOPE's enchanting tales,
If fleeting life glides on devoid of thee,
Spirit of heaven, benignant CHARITY!
Where thy angelic virtues hold not reign,
Where thou art absent, *Faith* shall gleam in vain;
Like ev'ning meteors, burn with useless light,
And like those gilded meteors—set in *Night!*

HOPE too shall perish, like a broken reed,
When the bleak north-wind sweeps the verdant mead;
Shall sink abash'd, and stripp'd of all her wiles,
Her tinsel flatt'ry, and her treach'rous smiles,
Shall prove, at last, a false delusive theme,
An airy phantom, and an idle dream!

OSCAR.

SONNET.

QUEEN of the Heav'ns! how thro' the silent night,
While hush'd to rest all nature sleeps serene,
Breaks the full splendor of thy tranquil light
On the soft grandeur of the sylvan scene.

Creation slumbers in a deathful trance;
Save where sweet murm'ring flows the limpid stream,
From their green bed the curling waters dance
In the pale lustre of thy silv'ry beam.

Oh! while my uplift' adorative eyes
Gaze on the starry vault illum'd by thee,
Tir'd of the earth, and panting for the skies,
My soaring spirit struggles to get free;
Views yon bright realms with rapture's holy tear,
And seems to claim them as her native sphere.

OSCAR.

SONNET.

MARK the fond mother, as her anxious eyes
O'er her sick babe with care incessant rove;
Mark the big tear, the bosom-rending sighs,
And dread forebodings of maternal love;

And say what pow'r can stem the ruthless tide
Of grief that labours in her tortur'd breast?
Or bid the tempest into peace subside,
Hush all her fears, and sooth her into rest?

'Tis thine, meek Resignation! thine alone
To check her sorrows in their wildest flow;
To lull each care, repress each struggling groan,
And mingle comfort with the draught of woe!
To calm the soul by frantic passions driv'n,
And raise the weeping eye from earth to heav'n!

ALPHONSO.

SONNET.

ETERNITY! as from the rock of time
I view thy noiseless waves majestic roll,
What awful wonder, and what dread sublime,
Steal on the pensive silence of my soul!

Yet while around I gaze with mournful eyes,
By gloomy doubts and anxious fears oppress;
Hope—like a seraph bending from the skies,
Calms the rude terrors of my throbbing breast.

Oh! when my soul directs her trembling flight
To the dark confines of thy boundless shore;
When the wide world recedes before my sight,
And all its glitt'ring splendors charm no more,
In peaceful course may my frail vessel bound
O'er the dread billows of thy vast profound!

ALPHONSO.

THE CONTRAST.

BY MR. A. OLIVER.

"COME, let us to yon arbour go,"
I once to lovely Anna said,
"Where golden fruits enrich the bough,
And fragrant flow'rs adorn the shade.

"And as we mark th' expanding flow'r,
Where orient colours blend and part,
Confess the works of sov'reign pow'r,
Surpass, by far, the works of art."

She smil'd assent—in smiles array'd,
Compliance gives increas'd delight;
I caught her snowy hand, and led
To where the flow'rs and fruits invite.

We gain'd the bow'r; enchanting scene,
By nature's sacred hand attir'd;
The purple dye, th' enliv'ning green,
And ev'ry nameless tint admir'd.

But soon—fair beauty of the bow'r—
A lily, Anna's notice gains;
"Oh, see!" she cried, and touch'd the flow'r,
"See where the pride of Flora reigns.

"In robes of purest white 'tis drest,
Sure never substance shone so fair——"
I plac'd th' usurper on her breast,
And, lo!—it lost its whiteness there!

Greatham, 1810.

SONNET.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN——SEE MEASURE FOR MEASURE, ACT IV. SCENE I.

TAKE, oh! take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn;
But my kisses bring again,
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain.

Hide, Oh! hide those hills of snow,
Which thy frozen bosom bears,
On whose tops the pinks that grow,
Are of those that April wears:
But first set my poor heart free,
Bound in those icy chains by thee.

LINES

WRITTEN ON THE PROSPECT OF LEAVING ENGLAND FOR BENGAL IN THE EAST INDIES.

ALBION, adieu! a long, a last adieu!
Dear native land; we meet, perhaps, no more;
And, sadly pensive, I my course pursue,
To where the sacred Ganges bathes the Indian shore.

Yet, tho' to me thy blooming vales are dear,
Tho' British feelings struggle in my breast,
Is it for thee I shed this burning tear?
For thee my flutt'ring heart thus sighs for rest?

Ah, no! for whilst I seek yon orient plain,
Where torrid suns prolong the radiant day,
Do I not tread in honour's sacred train?
And does not glory, beck'ning, point the way?

Whence then this tear, soft trembling in my eye,
Where erst the fires of youth exulting play'd?
These folded arms? this fev'rish glow? and why,
So lone and sad, woo I yon silent shade?

Celia! 'tis love has taught my soul to mourn,
Has giv'n to sadness many a youthful hour:
Yet not for kingdoms would I root the thorn,
Unconscious planted with so sweet a flow'r.

O, hope! sweet soother of the sick'ning soul!
Illume the path where'er my footsteps roam,
Bid thro' my bosom each fair vision roll,
And, smiling, point to Celia, happiness, and home.

November, 1808. C—— A——.

LINES,

WRITTEN AFTER READING SOUTHEY'S REMAINS OF HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

THY *living* worth it was not mine to prize,
I heard not of thee till thy star had set;
But, *dead*, I give thee tears, poor youth, and sighs,
And thoughts of tender, mournful, keen, regret!
And I do say, within my very heart
Resolving, some sear, murky, autumn day,
When spirits less congenial hold apart,
A sorrowing pilgrim, to thy grave I'll stray,
And hang my humble meed of poësy
Upon thy sainted tomb, and worship thee---
'Twere weak, alas! and idly vain for thee!
Thine ear now only lists to minstrelsy
Pæan'd by cherub quires! But to me,
'Twould be some little sweet to breathe an air
Of melancholy, and, half-murmuring, cry
Great God! the wicked live---the virtuous mourn and die!

And thou, *his Mother*, on whose fost'ring breast
Were cradled his first cares; whose after love
(Ah! in such holy love be childhood blest,
For ever blest,) his mental wants supplied---
Whose better hopes, and sense more quick, confest
His dawning genius, and its high behest,
Aye, in lone glory, cherish'd---*thee* I hail!
Not with the selfish, worldly mass, who move
In mincing measures, only with the gale
Of prosperous fame: but when low sinks thy heart
In dark and silent solitude, apart,
Deep mourning him who is not; in thy wail
O *then* my spirit joins---my tears they flow,
And I do almost drink thy cup of woe!

Stockton upon Tees. E. W.

THE VIOLET.

BY WALTER SCOTT.

THE violet, in her green-wood bower,
Where birchen boughs with hazles mingle,
May boast itself the fairest flower
In glen, or copse, or forest dingle.

Though fair her gems of azure hue,
Beneath the dew-drop's weight reclining;
I've seen an eye of lovelier blue,
More sweet through wat'ry lustre shining.

The summer sun that dew shall dry,
Ere yet the day be past its morrow;
Nor longer in my false love's eye,
Remain'd the tear of parting sorrow.

English Minstrelsy.

LOVE.

BY R. SOUTHEY.

THEY sin who tell us Love can die.
With life all other passions fly,
All others are but vanity.
In heaven ambition cannot dwell,
Nor avarice in the vaults of hell.
Earthly these passions, as of earth,
They perish where they have their birth.
But Love is indestructible;
Its holy flame for ever burneth,
From heaven it came, to heaven returneth;

Too oft on earth a troubled guest,
At times deceived, at times opprest,
It here is tried and purified,
And hath in heaven its perfect rest;
It soweth here with toil and care,
But the harvest-time of Love is there.
Oh! when a mother meets on high
The babe she lost in infancy,
Hath she not then, for pains and fears,
The day of woe, the anxious night,
For all her sorrow, all her tears,
An over-payment of delight!

English Minstrelsy.

SOLUTION TO THE ENIGMA IN OUR LAST.

Light.

NOTES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE first part of "The Journey" is received: the editor requests W. R. to forward the remainder as soon as he conveniently can.

J. M. L.'s last communication we must decline inserting—he is not so happy in blank verse as in poetry, which will always be acceptable.

The solution to the enigma is too long.

N. Fraisinet is under consideration.

The papers for which Mrs. T. has written, were never in the editor's possession: the printer, with whom they were left, has unfortunately mislaid them.

Oscar's second sonnet will be inserted in our next.

We have received a printed advertisement of a *Seminary* for the instruction of young ladies as good *housewives*. We are at a loss to imagine with what intention it was printed; if as a hoax, it has failed; if as a satire, it wants point; but if seriously intended, we must commend it, though the art of "milking cows and feeding pigs," are accomplishments which may generally be dispensed with.

Mackenzie sculp

Lady Charlotte Duncombe.

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